

THE ASSASSINATION.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

(Correspondence of Vice President Cooper and Prof. Sprague.)

DR. COOPER'S LETTER.

TUTTLE

RUTGER'S COLLEGE,

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

SEPT. 25, 1901.

DR. HOMER B. SPRAGUE :

The recent horror in Buffalo brings vividly before me the character of the letter and printed speech which you sent me as a contribution to the literature of the canvass preceding President McKinley's second election. I have wondered how you feel *now* in view of your contribution to the unfounded defamation which has culminated in this most grewsome assassination which the world ever witnessed. For you either know, or should have known, that the statements declaring Mr. McKinley the tool of Bosses, the obsequious slave of party, the advocate and residuary legatee of trusts, were base fabrications. Instead of being the puppet in the hands of Hanna, as the accursed "Journal" said in every conceivable variety of language, whether of words or of caricature, the truth is that he, by his firm hand, quiet speech, and clear head dominated Hanna, and all the leaders of the Republican Party; whether in the cabinet, in the caucus, or in the political convention. The same devilish slanders were uttered concerning Lincoln; but history has set its seal, that the first of the three martyred Presidents dominated Seward, Chase, Stanton; though they had either desired to believe, or were persuaded by a licentious press to believe, that he was putty in their hands. So history will place its *imprimatur* on the fact that the third Martyr by his reserve force of wisdom and integrity dominated all his political associates; despite the reiterations of the yellow "Journal," of Schurtz, Garrison, Godkin, Norton. Wister, Sanborn . . . and Homer Baxter Sprague.

On the day that William McKinley died I went to New York for a definite purpose. Taking my stand in front of the "Journal" office (which was displaying its infernal hypocrisy, or its craven fear, or both, by issuing hand-bills with the legend: "A good American gone!" which "good American" that accursed sheet, more than any other agency caused to be

assassinated)—stood there in a big crowd—as this *cloaca* of “Journalism” was decking its front with habiliments of woe—and with a loud voice, three times solemnly, in the name of God, cursed to hell the Journal, its proprietor, and its malignant editor—The Word of God says: “There is a time to bless and a time to curse.” That time has been forced upon a people who wish to live in peace, but are not permitted to do so by a corrupt press, and by, if possible, a more inexcusable band of writers; who, under the claimed immunity of superior intelligence and culture, instigate reckless and weak minds to do a “deed without a name!”

It is deeply painful to many that your noble services and bitter suffering for your country in an hour of her peril, should have their lustre tarnished by even any co-operation with those who have perpetrated one of the greatest horrors of the ages.

“Blush, Calumny, and write upon his tomb,
If honest Eulogy can spare the room.
Thy deep Repentance and thy keen Remorse”—

I send you a brief “open letter” addressed to the chief editorial writer for the “Journal.” His name would have been spitted with that of Hearst, had it been known to me that Arthur Brisbane was the chief inspirer of assassination as advocated by that sheet.

Your classmate,

JACOB COOPER.

P. S.—In case you do not care to read this letter send it back; for in that case I propose to publish it.

DR. SPRAGUE'S REPLY.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

OCTOBER 29, 1901.

REV. JACOB COOPER, S. T. D., D.D., LL.D.,

Vice-President of Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.

MY DEAR CLASSMATE:—

I have delayed answering your favor of the 25th ult. partly in the hope of receiving a reply to my repeated request that you would kindly specify the chapter and verse which you claim to quote as authorizing you to curse, and partly because I expected to meet you at the Yale Bicentennial Celebration and there talk over with you this whole matter. I think that, though a delegate, you were not there, nor have I heard from you.

Excuse me therefore if I ask again, Where is that passage to which you refer when you affirm, “The Word of God says, There is a time to curse,” I should like to exculpate my old friend from merely from foisting words into the Holy Scriptures, but also from misquoting to sanction what looks like profane and vindictive execration.

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In your communication you inclose a newspaper clipping, for which please accept my thanks. It purports to contain "An open letter to the writer for the New York Journal." You therein describe him as an "assassin," a "coward," a "scoundrel," "perfectly devilish," etc., etc. In this you may be all right; but we are all poor specimens of perfection, and I hope he is not "past redemption." I know nothing of him or his writings, and very little of the "New York Journal." That newspaper, however, if I have heard correctly, has performed valuable public services and noble deeds of charity, and the name *Hearst* is justly revered and loved on the Pacific coast for works of philanthropy on a vast scale and for magnificent aid to the cause of education. Such matters aside, it is painful to observe an apparent readiness on the part of a good man, such as you are, not only to imprecate damnation on a fellow sinner, but even, like certain distinguished preachers of the gospel, a readiness if not eagerness to join the worst anarchists in lynching "brother Hearst and brother Brisbane!" For you exclaim in a heat of passion, momentary I trust, "How long will the justice-loving people suffer an unbridled license of "Journalism" to instigate every crime in the calendar, and yet escape punishment? *A short and sharp remedy will be found.*" "You are not really so lawless as your words seem to imply: but do not such threatening outbursts from so distinguished a man in high position tend to inflame passion and stir up the unthinking rabble to acts of mob violence? "Something too much of this."

Carried away by an excess of zeal for what you deem to be right, you begin your extraordinary letter thus:

"I have wondered how you feel now in view of your contribution to the unfounded defamation which has culminated in this most gruesome assassination which the world ever witnessed."

I answer. My feelings are mixed—horror at the murder; pity for the witless perpetrator who this day goes into eternity; sympathy with the faithful widow and mourning relatives; shame for the nervous men who lose their heads and invoke instant vengeance; and awe in view of the solemn unheeded lessons taught by Providence in this visitation. In other respects I ought to feel pretty well: first, because I never contributed in the slightest degree to any defamation of the President; secondly, because, if I had so contributed, such defamation could not have had any tendency to cause the murder; thirdly, because on the contrary all I have said has been calculated to discourage lawlessness and intensify a sense of the sacredness of every human life; fourthly, because I have been true to my inherited Quakerism, which taught me to bless, not curse, to prevent violence, not incite to it, and never to become "Passion's slave:" and lastly, because all my strictures upon the President's policy were just and patriotic.

Outspoken honest criticism and even "Yellow Journalism" never yet led to assassination. They are safety valves. Suppress them and there will come explosions. Free speech and funny cartoons, such as we see every day in many of the leading papers, may offend the taste, but they relieve the pent-up feelings and they never instigate to crime. At worst they in-

Journal

cite some well-meaning ascetic, destitute of all sense of humor, to curse and swear.

Conspiracies to murder usually originate in real or fancied unendurable wrong: tyrannical curtailment of freedom; bitter personal revenge; overmastering greed for wealth or power; ambition to pose as a hero; or fierce religious bigotry and zealotry, regarding its victims as already consigned by divine decree to perdition, and flattering itself that it does well to substitute the spirit of Joshua for that of Jesus, the spirit of Mohammed for that of Paul! Neither Hipparchus, nor Julius Caesar, nor William of Orange, nor Czar Alexander, nor Empress Elizabeth, nor King Humbert, nor Governor Goebel of Kentucky, nor Lincoln, nor Garfield, nor McKinley, nor any other ruler was ever killed because of attacks by honest critics or "yellow journals." The hand that struck down President McKinley would equally have struck down President Bryan. "Death to *all* rulers" is the motto of the Polish anarchist; and we do well to remember that *his* atheistic frenzy is but the natural fruit of the infernal savagery of three Christian nations which long ago drowned unhappy Poland in a sea of blood, and have stifled freedom there ever since.

"The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small; And though with patience waiting, with exactness grinds He all!"

I come next to your reiterated assertion that President McKinley "dominated" Hanna and the rest. Pray, what has that to do with the slaying; unless the belief that the President was the master and not the servant moved the assassin to single him out for death? Does not your great love for the victim, so creditable to your heart, confuse your intellect? Do you not shut your eyes to the palpable fact that, if anything was wrong in the policy of the administration, you deprive him of all excuse when you represent him as the conscious, resolute, responsible author of the wrong?

I, for my part, concurred with millions of our fellow citizens in thinking him sadly mistaken. But I attributed such mistakes to his good nature, his freedom from self-conceit, his "sweet reasonableness," his perfect courtesy, his deference to the opinion of others, his modest self-depreciation; all combined with a lack of prophetic vision, with an assured belief that if he let things drift all would come right, with a disposition to adjust his sails to catch the breeze of popular favor as if the voice of the people were the voice of God, and with a fond hope that the beneficent end would excuse any questionable means. He would agree with Bassanio, and

"To do a great right, do a little wrong."

In a word, yielding his own views to those of others, I thought him amiably weak rather than arbitrarily wicked, imputing to him good motives but erroneous judgment. Is it quite fair in you to characterize my kindly apologies for him as "devilish slanders" against him?

In this connection you say—

"History will place its *imprimatur* on the fact that the third Martyr [McKinley,] by his reserve force of wisdom and integrity, dominated all his political associates: despite the re-

iterations of the "Yellow Journal," of Schurtz, Garrison, Godkin, Norton, Wister, Sanborn, . . . and Homer Baxter Sprague."

I thank you much for including me in that list. Never have I received higher honor. Omitting mine, it would be hard to name a nobler group of living men.

Now let us come to particulars.

Though I am conscious of many imperfections, and very likely may have spoken too warmly in the heat of the Presidential campaign, I can safely challenge any one to point out, in all I have said or written, a single sentence defamatory of President McKinley, a single word against his private character, a single unkind or unfair criticism of his public conduct.

In that speech which you most denounce, delivered at the Savoy, N. Y. City, October 11, 1900, before the Democratic Club of College men, I said—

"President McKinley is sincere," "He really seems to think we are serving God in massacring the Filipinos;" "in his private life he is an estimable man," "a good husband," "a good neighbor," "a good citizen," "a good Christian," "a clean man whom we love to meet," "a lovable man," "a pure minded man," "a sweet souled man," "who would not harm a fly."

Those were my exact words, and they were spoken in all sincerity.

But his attitude on public questions I did criticise sharply, as in duty bound. Let me restate some of my leading censures of his policy. Most of the issues are still pending; some of them are of great importance; and, as your letter shows, even so able a man as Dr. Jacob Cooper may utterly misunderstand or utterly ignore them, while I myself have too long been and still am subject to cruel misrepresentation and disparagement on account of them.

STRIKE, BUT HEAR!

In a message to Congress in December, 1899, President McKinley affirmed that it was "our plain duty" to establish free trade between Porto Rico and the [rest of the] United States. Within three months thereafter he was using his influence to prevent that free trade and establish a tariff between the two, taxing the islanders without their consent and thereby bringing ruin upon two of their most important industries.

Before election he was a champion, doubtless sincere, of temperance. Afterwards, as Commander-in-chief of the army, he permitted Manila and the other island cities to be flooded with liquor, and permitted grogshops, hardly known there before, to be opened by hundreds; though by a single stroke of the pen or click of the telegraph he could have prevented or at any time stopped that unspeakable curse, and thereby saved thousands of our soldiers and of the natives from drunkenness and its attendant shames and crimes.

With unquestionable sincerity he opposed polygamy in Utah. Yet in spite of the spirit of American law, which he was sworn to execute, he permitted that disgusting "relic of barbarism" to continue on an extensive scale in the Philip-

pine Islands year after year, *as it exists to-day*. Moreover, explicitly recognizing it as a "religious custom" and "to be respected" as such and "not to be interfered with," he without authority from Congress took into the salaried service of the United States that polygamous Mohammedan Sultan and quite a number of his dirty subalterns, *as they are to this day*.

Honestly enough before election he had always favored bimetallism and the free coinage of silver, and strenuously opposed the single gold standard. But later he unmistakably threw all his influence against the free coinage of silver and in favor of gold monometallism.

Before he became President he nobly advocated civil-service reform. But afterwards, when it seemed important to secure a Republican victory in the Ohio State election, he dealt that cause the most damaging blow it ever received; for he took from the classified lists requiring competitive examination thousands of offices and turned them over to the spoils-men.

Himself an exemplary model of perfect purity, yet wishing to secure our seventy thousand soldiers in the Philippine Islands against nameless disease and so keep them in good fighting condition, he permitted to be established in those islands and to be continued for years, as I am afraid it exists at this day, a system of nasty weekly medical inspection of hundreds of women by our army surgeons; and he permitted or required the registration of these "unfortunates," and at the rate of four (Mexican) dollars apiece the issuance of certificates to them; so that our officers and soldiers and sailors, and men and boys generally, might safely commit fornication and adultery, saving their bodies but destroying their souls.

Disgusted at the loathsome brothels in America, he yet, through the army officers, permitted to be established by hundreds, where they were practically unknown before, such dens of shame, and to continue there year after year, *as they exist to-day*; some of them, as the photographs show, flaunting, as an attraction to our soldiers, a large United States flag on the outside of the building, evincing the patriotic spirit of her of whom a Book, once held in more honor than now, declares. "Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

The outrageous treatment of colored citizens—those racialities prevailing from Republican Oregon, in whose organic law there exists to-day in regard to colored persons the most shameful provision that ever defiled a state constitution; thence to the farthest south, where the ashes of the last lynched victim are still warm—this cruel treatment our kind President deplored. But neither he, nor the Republican Party, supreme in the nation, has during the last thirty years lifted a finger to stop these infernal outrages.

With a clear head, an honest heart, and a most felicitous tongue, early in his presidential career he formulated the axiom, "*Forcible annexation is criminal aggression*." It is a fundamental truth, worthy to be blazoned in great letters of gold in every legislative hall, and indelibly graven on every monarch's heart—

FORCIBLE ANNEXATION IS CRIMINAL AGGRESSION.

But a few months later the great author of that maxim, without authority from Congress, the only constitutional war-making power; without the consent of the Filipino millions, and in utter disregard of their known aspirations; more than three months before the nominal title of Spain (she never had any rightful title, and if she had she had forfeited it) passed to the United States by the ratification of the Spanish treaty; while it was yet doubtful whether that treaty ever would be ratified either by us or by her;—at such a time, December 21st, 1898; when not the slightest reason for haste could be assigned; when Spain no longer occupied one square foot of all those islands, and we did not pretend to have control over the one thousandth part of that territory; President McKinley issued his astounding order to the Secretary of war and through him to the commanding general, as follows:

"The military government heretofore maintained by the United States in the city, harbor, and bay of Manila [is] to be extended with all possible dispatch to the whole of the Philippine Islands!"

This was not the "benevolent assimilation" which he had sweetly and no doubt sincerely promised. To the millions of natives, who almost unanimously longed to maintain the independence which with the aid of our fleet they had wrested from Spain, it meant destruction of that independence; it meant "*forcible annexation*;" it meant WAR. It said in effect, "Submit at once to our sovereignty, or die."

Undoubtedly our tender-hearted President supposed they would bow their necks under our yoke at once, or after a brief struggle. Had he forseen the bloody horrors that followed and that are still occurring in consequence of that unwarranted decree, I believe that he would have died rather than have taken that fatal step.

We might as well look the facts squarely in the face. He believed that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." But the unauthorized edict which he took the responsibility of issuing on that December day was a command to crush out instantly, and by fire and sword and famine if need were, the new-born Philippine Republic, and to impose the military sway of the United States, consent or no consent, upon those millions determined to be free.

Never had an embryo nation sprung into existence under more favorable auspices. The independence for which they had struggled desperately more than once, and which they had at last achieved—capturing unaided every Spanish soldier and every Spanish fort and every Spanish gun outside of Manila—seemed established. A body politic, closely modeled after our own, was in process of formation; and the provisional government with surprising rapidity and almost universal acquiescence was laying fair and broad and deep the foundations of CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY.

The evidence is so strong as to seem conclusive, that this new-rising temple of Freedom—this incipient nationality, youngest daughter of the then glorious American Republic;

first oriental "government of the people, by the people, and for the people"—was hailed with enthusiasm by the masses in nearly every town and village. Among other careful and trustworthy observers who testified in emphatic terms to the general joy, fairness, courtesy, tranquillity, and hospitality of the natives of the principal islands; to their intelligence and Christian character with their sixteen hundred religious schools; and to the safe, smooth, and efficient working of their new government; were two gentlemen of the highest respectability, vouched for by Admiral Dewey (Naval Pay-master W. B. Wilcox and Naval Cadet Leonard R. Sargent), both of whom travelled in Luzon from October 5th to November 20th, 1898, more than six hundred miles, visiting nine provinces. On December 1st, 1898, Dewey approved and forwarded their report to Washington, adding—

"Special attention is invited to this interesting and carefully prepared Report, which, in my opinion, contains the most complete and reliable information." On the 23rd of the preceeding June he had telegraphed to Washington, "These people are far superior in their intelligence and more capable of self-government than the natives of Cuba; and I am familiar with both races." General Otis in his yearly report said, "The masses of the people were intoxicated by the cry for independence and self-government."

For seven months this condition lasted—a morning of more than auroral hope, as if Liberty were indeed enlightening the world. "Not twenty men on this planet," exclaimed the ablest of Republican senators on the floor of Congress, "could have drafted a better constitution."

Effectively had they aided us against Spain. But for their military co-operation that war would have been far more protracted and more bloody; for the Spanish army, if unopposed by those thirty thousand armed Filipinos, would have retreated into the interior of Luzon and there would have defied us for many months.

Why did we not reciprocate that friendly service? Why did we not bid them Godspeed in their work of building up a free nation, aid them in perfecting its organization, and say to all the world, "*HANDS OFF! THIS IS AMERICA'S YOUNGEST CHILD! LET HER ALONE!*" Of all human history, that would have been the most glorious achievement.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: It might have been!"

Instead came that fatal dispatch from our well-meaning but misguided President, saying in effect, "We love you; but you cannot be a nation; we stand in Spain's shoes; we hold you by conquest; we own you; you are not fit for self-government; you shall not be independent; we never will relax our grip. We will be good to you; but—*SUBMIT TO OUR SOVEREIGNTY, OR WE WILL KILL YOU!*"

And so, ten thousand miles away, we undertook to strangle the infant born of American parentage. Some excuse might have been trumped up if we had been too pusillanimous to *protect* it as we protect Venezuela and all other American soil against monarchical land-grabbers; but *why shoot down its defenders?*

Because we coveted that territory, and many of us devoutly believed that God had given it into our hand. Thus we interpreted our own land-grabbing. "It is the Lord's doing," we exclaimed. And from the "howling dervishes" of the stock exchange, of the liquor saloon, of the horde of army contractors, of the gangs of hungry politicians, of ambitious officers in the army spoiling for a fight and for promotion; yes, and it must be added, of the pulpit,—the cry went up, "The Philippines are ours! put down their false religions! give them the pure gospel with cold steel and quick-firing guns! There's money in it! The Philippines for the flag, for glory, for God and Mammon.

Why did not the natives at once submit?

Because they could not understand what right we had to substitute our real dominion for the pretended rule of Spain, especially when Spain had been completely dispossessed of her shadowy title and in great part through their military operations, and when *we* never had claimed any right there at all! They had read too of George Washington, and they thought it glorious to copy his example fighting for independence. Besides they hoped that Congress, finding no warrant in the Constitution for holding subject colonies, would rescind that military order of December 25th 21st.

So with the utmost patience and caution they avoided all conflict. Many a time they protested against our encroachments, often appealing for a treaty of peace; always yielding much yet preparing for the worst, as they saw our forces constantly increasing.

At last, on the fourth of February, 1899, while their army chiefs were attending a conference at their capital a dozen leagues away, one of our sentinels, a soldier from Nebraska, observed a Filipino strolling across the line between the two armies. Up to that time it had been customary to arrest any one so trespassing; but now the sentinel shot him dead. This was the first blood shed in the impending struggle. Firing now began on both sides all along the army front. "The enemy," said General Otis next day in his report to the War Department, "were not prepared to assume the *initiative*." "They acted everywhere on the *defensive*; the Americans everywhere vigorously on the *offensive*."

Their leader, Aguinaldo, at once begged for the cessation of hostilities, and the establishment of a neutral zone between the armies to prevent further conflict. Under orders from Washington, Otis would grant no armistice, no neutral zone. "The fighting has begun," he brusquely replied, "and it must go on to the grim end."

The simple-hearted President had been made to believe that almost all the Filipinos were friendly to the Americans, and he tried to make others believe it! "We must protect," said he, "the loyal millions against the disloyal thousands!" the eight or ten millions that love us from the eight or ten thousands that hate us! protect the thousand against the one! To-day it requires forty thousand of our soldiers to do this.

In this "forcible annexation" we have spent some two hundred and fifty million dollars of the people's money.

Like the Boers the Filipinos fight long and hard. Within the last six weeks three of our officers and about sixty of our soldiers have gone down to bloody graves in a single island.

At the beginning of these battles against our former allies, our President with sincere regret declared, "Every death of a Filipino causes me a pang." According to the lowest estimate we have slain in battle not less than twenty-five thousand of them; the Filipinos say not less than fifty thousand. Sadder still, General Bell, fresh from "the fields of glory," is quoted as saying that about one sixth of the inhabitants of Luzon have perished in the attempt "to extend with all possible dispatch the military government of the United States to the whole of the Philippine Islands."

Truly we have made human life very cheap.

Like President McKinley I grieve for each of the twenty-five or fifty thousand hacked down or shot to pieces. I am sick at heart when I see "in my mind's eye" the thousands still more unfortunate, who have crawled away mangled, and some of whom yet survive in the jungles, in the swamps, in the clefts of rocks, in the desolated grain fields, amid the ashes of many of their churches and school-houses, and the blackened ruins of thousands of once happy homes. Their groans, and the sobs of hundreds of thousands of mourners—destitute widows, helpless orphans, aged fathers and mothers, non-combatants; houseless, friendless, starving, broken-hearted—mingle, unheeded by us, with the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

I think with indignant shame of those who with good intentions sent to their death one hundred and fifteen of our officers and three thousand three hundred and seventy-eight of our soldiers slain there from June 30, 1898, to June 30, 1901, in this senseless war.

In May, June, and July, 1898, we joined our forces with those of the Filipinos. Did any people ever love another more fervently than they loved us then? Did any people ever hate another more deeply than most of them hate us *now*?

Who caused this change?

WHO HAS BEEN MANAGING THIS PHILIPPINE BUSINESS? Who was it that said we had "got our grip on the islands," and would "never let go?" that our flag there should "never be hauled down?" Which party was it that by its votes just a year ago bade the complaisant President *continue* the bloody policy of subjugation?

I have been thus full and explicit in stating my position, not because it is any pleasure to me to point out others' errors, but in order that those mistakes may if possible be corrected, and that I myself may no longer be so grievously misunderstood by you and other good men. For in your letter you say—

"It is deeply painful to many that your noble services and bitter suffering for your country in an hour of her peril, should have their lustre tarnished by even any co-operation with those who have perpetrated one of the greatest horrors of the ages."

You generously overestimate both my services and my sufferings in the civil war; but were they tenfold greater, they

would not be tarnished by the moral quality of anything I have said or done in recent political campaigns. But your misconception of my conduct pains me much, and I am glad of the opportunity to set you right.

More painful still, however, was the necessity apparently laid up on me of breaking loose for a time from dear friends and from my much-loved Republican Party, and facing social ostracism, I had nothing personal to gain. I did not suppose that McKinley could be defeated; but I did hope that the nation's conscience might be aroused, and that righteousness might yet be enthroned at Washington.

I had never in my life sought for office, wealth, or power; nor did I in the presidential campaign. But a great duty seemed imposed upon me. I thought I saw the most precious principles of our fathers scouted—the Golden Rule, the Sermon on the Mount, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States, trampled in blood under the iron heel of war—and the great Republic, mad with Mammon-worship and military “glory,” in process of swift degradation into an empire; and I said with Kossuth, “The heart may break, but *DUTY SHALL BE DONE*: we will stand in our place, though to us upon earth there be no fair play.” With all my soul I protested against that thousandfold murder which we call the Philippine war. Was I wrong in opposing as strongly as I could the party that was egging on our mild and gentle President to unleash more and more the hell-hounds Fire, Sword, and Famine?

But, my honored friend, what a picture you paint of yourself! Irresistibly comic, had it been the performance of an ordinary man; but you are not an ordinary man. *For the religious section of the* The religious and educational world has long held in highest reverence and most deserved honor the name of Dr. Jacob Cooper as that of one of America's brilliant scholars and profound thinkers, one of the best and most dignified of men. What can it mean when you say—

“On the day that William McKinley died I went to New York for a definite purpose. Taking my stand in front of the “Journal” office which was displaying its infernal hypocrisy, or its craven fear, or both, by issuing hand-bills with the legend: “A good American gone!” which good American that accursed sheet, more than any other agency, caused to be assassinated—stood there in a big crowd—as this CLOACA of “Journalism” was decking its front with habiliments of woe—and with a loud voice, three times solemnly, in the name of God, cursed to hell the Journal, its Proprietor, and its malignant Editor!” You add,

“The Word of God says, “There is a time to bless and a time to curse.”

All this reminds me of Hamlet, who, when his father, the king of Denmark, had been assassinated, did not bridle his tongue, as the Scripture requires. But Hamlet quickly recognized his folly. He says of himself,

“What an ass am I . . . to unpack my heart with words
And fall a cursing like a very drab,
A scullion!”

But I think you more resemble a much greater and better man, Saint Peter. *He* found a “short and sharp remedy!” With it he aimed a blow at the head of the High Priest's ser-

vant and "cut off his right ear!" Peter was rebuked for this resort to lynch law. Next we find him following his Lord "afar off," like those doctors of divinity who wander away from gentleness and love. For the Master, when the greatest crime this world ever saw was perpetrating, prayed, "Father, forgive them!" Soon Simon Peter sank deeper; he touched bottom; for "he began to curse and to swear," like some pulpit orators the Sundays before election, squarely reversing Paul's command, "Bless, and curse not," and saying virtually with Peter, "I know not the man!"

But Simon Peter repented: "He went out and wept bitterly!" Afterwards he soared very high in sweetness and light. My friend, if your lapses in an hour of excitement have been at all like his, why not complete the parallel by emerging and shining?

Ever faithfully yours,

H. B. SPRAGUE.